

by spiralstars

First sign of Spring

"So what are you going to be doing this winter?" Pashmina asked me,

handing me a sunflower seed from across the table. It was a chilly morning today and still, no sprouts or flowers shooting out of the ground. It's that stupid Groundhogs fault for seeing his stupid shadow...idiotâ€

So everyone had decided to stay inside the clubhouse (though I can't blame them) for today, puttering around doing their own buisness. I felt bored, and took the seed from Pashmina, chewing on it dully.

"I don't know, I was think of spending my time in the cage to clean up, it's starting to become a mess, you kn--"

" * * _PASHMINA! " _ * *

" **PASHMINA! " ** _

The two of us turned our heads quickly to find Howdy and Dexter, both of them panting and presenting Pashmina two beautiful and lovely bouquets of flowers, one of pink daffodils and one of pink lilies.

I found myself bewitched at the sight of that colour; I haven't seen those types of flowers in a long time.

"Shut up Howdy, Pashmina knows well that my flowers are best for her!"

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"Well, they would be if they didn't look like **_shit!_"**
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"_**Oh yeah?"**_"

" **HELL YA! " **

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** (insert sweat-dropping here for the two girls**)
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Pashmina gave me a nervous laugh and turned back to me. "Sorry about that, they've been doing that a lot lately" she let out a perfect sigh; I was always a tad bit envious of her actions. Perfect Pashmina. Cruddy Crystal on my case.

"Well, I'm gonna get goingâ€¦but, hey Pash? Have you seen Stan lately? I've been looking for him for a---"

"Nope! ack! Sorry! I'll see you later!" Pashmina called as she got stuck in the battle of ****who's-the-idiot-here****. I sighed and kept on walking, desperate to find someone or something that would talk to me.

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"Eh? Stan? Non, I haven't zeen him in a long timeâ€"

Bijou and I walked outside, beside the frozen over river. Our breaths came out in little clouds as we chatted, my search for Stan still unidentified. She was in a cute pearl blue coat that went with her beautiful ribbons she was wearing today. I always loved her style.

In on hand, however, was a single-delicately wrapped sunflower, its

"I'm going to guessâ€¦you got that froâ€¦"

"Maxwell?"

"Yeahâ€¦"

I sighed, looking down at the freshly wrapped daffodils, their lively colours once again piercing through the blankness of this plain dullâ€¦stupid groundhog based world.

"So, tell meâ€|who **_else _**got any flowersâ€|Sandyâ€|?" I grit between my teeth, giving her the look. Sandy gulped, and laughed nervously eyes shifting around to try to find an exit just in case if I were to loose it.

"Wellâ€uh, ummâ€Pashmina got someâ€two actually! Bijou, well, uhâ€got flowers from Hamtaroâ€Penelope got a bouquet made by Cappy with some help from Jingleâ€Harmony got some from Spataâ€and uhâ€"

She stops, giving me a scared look.

"Why d'you ask?"

[illegible]

It's because I never got anyâ€|that's why I had asked, Sandy. Every other girl got flowers from guysâ€|Heck even Penelope!

I seem to get a migraine everytime I think, and now that I'm thinking, I'm getting a migraine. The scarf I'm wearing, (I know you're tired of hearing this,) doesn't help the freezing bitterness that's biting down on my freaking furâ€¦

I decide to find someplace to sit, which is a dead oak tree on a hill. Good. If no one is coming to find me, then they might as well have difficulty doing just that.

I let out another sigh then a groan, trying to get comfortable against the icy bark that I lean on. Nothing is really going my way today, and tomorrow won't get any better.

I just know it.

Even after 5 minutes, no heat seems to come into my body. _I'll freeze to death thenâ€¦!_

I watch the clouds in the grey sky loom over this spot.

Great, now I'm all emo nowâ€¦

So is this is it? Everyone else gets flowers, and no one is going to look for me? Is this the situation in which I'm going to die? Is this how I'm going to end; lonely and flowerless?

"So this is where you've been hiding, huh?"

I look up to find Stan leaning up upon the tree, arms crossed. He has this smug yet disappointed look on his face, an eyebrow arched. I blush, finally feeling ****_some _****heat in my face. I stutter and thumble my fingers and he sits himself down besides me.

"I've been looking for y--"

"No, not you! You wouldn't be loo--"

"But I wasâ€|"

We remain silent after that small blurt of words, our eyes not meeting each other. I feel stupid. Here, I've been complaining that I needed to speak with him, and now I can't say anything toâ€"

"Iâ€|wanted to spend time with youâ€|tomorrowâ€|notthatitsabigdealoranythingIjustwantsomeonetâ€|wellâ€|"

I stare in amazement as he rubs his head in embarrassment. I blush and giggle, soon joined with Stan as we laugh together.

"Sureâ€|" I respond, making his head turn to me, his face all red.

I laughed and soon gasped as Stan pulled out something from behind his back.

"Everyone else was doing it when I had finally got to the clubhouse, so I had to keep up with the trend."

I stare in amazement as he hands me a beautiful bouquet of the reddest roses I have ever seen! Their crimson beauty seemed to pierce right through the blank even more then the flowers the others had gotten.

Mine were unique.

I giggle as I go in to kiss him on the cheek. He blushes and rubs his face. "Thanksâ€|Stan. Just by looking at you, the colour in your cheeks makes me warmer than it is in spring."

Stan chuckled, brushing a stray hair from my warm face. "I knew I wouldâ€|"

****_Fin**_**

****I hoped you all liked it, a late Valentines/Chestnut day gift for Crystalgurl101.**_**

****_Please review if you liked it, if you don't, then BEAT IT!_****

End
file.